

# THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,  
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM;  
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D  
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE  
IN BEAUTY'S ROSY SMILE. AKENSIDE.

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No. 23.

## ORIGINAL LETTERS.

FROM THE LATE WILLIAM COWPER, ESQR.

TO MR. PARK.

*West-Underwood, May 17, 1793.*

DEAR SIR,

IT has not been without frequent self-reproach that I have so long omitted to answer your last very kind and most obliging letter. I am by habit and inclination extremely punctual in the discharge of such arrears, and it is only through necessity, and under constraint of various indispensable engagements of a different kind, that I am become of late much otherwise.

I have never seen Chapman's translation of Homer, and will not refuse your offer of it, unless, by accepting it, I shall deprive you of a curiosity that you cannot easily replace. The line or two which you quote from him, except that the expression 'a well written soul' has the quaintness of his times in it, do him credit. He cannot surely be the same Chapman who wrote a poem, I think, on the battle of Hockstadt, in which, when I was a very young man, I remember to have seen the following lines:

"Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,  
And each man mounted on his capering beast.  
Into the Danube they were push'd by shoals,  
And sunk and bobb'd, and bobb'd and sunk,  
and sunk and bobb'd their souls!"

These are lines that could not fail to impress the memory, though not altogether in the Homeric style of battle.

I am, as you say, an hermit, and probably an irreclaimable one, having a horror of London that I cannot express, nor indeed very easily account for. Neither am I much less disinclined to migration in general. I did no little violence to my love of home last summer, when I paid Mr. Hayley a visit, and in truth was principally induced to the journey, by a hope that it might be useful

to Mrs. Unwin; who, however, derived so little benefit from it, that I purpose for the future to avail myself of the privilege my years may reasonably claim, by compelling my younger friends to visit me.—But even this is a point which I cannot well compass at present, both because I am too busy, and because poor Mrs. Unwin is not able to bear the fatigue of company. Should better days arrive, days of more leisure to me, and of some health to her, I shall not fail to give you notice of the change, and shall then hope for the pleasure of seeing you at Weston.

The epitaph you saw, is on the tomb of the same Mr. Unwin to whom the Tirocinium is inscribed; the son of the lady above-mentioned. By the desire of his executors I wrote a Latin one, which they approved, but it was not approved by a relation of the deceased, and therefore was not used. He objected to the mention I had made in it, of his mother having devoted him to the service of God in his infancy. She did it, however, and not in vain, as I wrote my epitaph. Who wrote the English one I know not.

The poem called the Slave is not mine, nor have I ever seen it. I wrote two on the same subject—one entitled The Negro's complaint, and the other, the Morning dream. With thanks for all your kindness, and the patience you have with me,

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Sincerely yours,

WM. COWPER.

TO THE SAME.

*West-Underwood, July 15, 1793.*

DEAR SIR,

Within these few days I have received, by favour of Miss Knapps, your acceptable present of Chapman's translation of the Iliad. I know not whether the book be a rarity, but a curiosity it certainly is. I have as yet seen but little of it, enough however to make me

wonder that any man, with so little taste for Homer, or apprehension of his manner, should think it worth while to undertake the laborious task of translating him; the hope of pecuniary advantage may perhaps account for it. His information I fear was not much better than his verse, for I have consulted him in one passage of some difficulty, and find him giving a sense of his own not at all warranted by the words of Homer. Pope sometimes does this, and sometimes omits the difficult parts entirely. I can boast of having done neither, though it has cost me infinite pains to exempt myself from the necessity.

I have seen a translation of Hobbes, which I prefer for its greater clumsiness. Many years have passed since I saw it, but it made me laugh immoderately. Poetry that is not good, can only make amends for that deficiency by being ridiculous; and because the translation of Hobbes has at least this recommendation, I shall be obliged to you, should it happen to fall in your way, if you would be so kind as to procure it for me. The only edition of it I ever saw, was a very thick 12mo. both print and paper bad, a sort of book that would be sought in vain perhaps any where but on a stall.

When you saw Lady Hesketh, you saw the relation of mine with whom I have been more intimate, even from childhood, than any other. She has seen much of the world, understands it well, and having great natural vivacity, is of course one of the most agreeable companions.

I have now arrived almost at a close of my labours on the Iliad, and have left nothing behind me, I believe, which I shall wish to alter on any future occasion. In about a fortnight or three week I shall begin to do the same for the Odyssey, and hope to be able to perform it while the Iliad is in printing. Then Milton will demand all my attention, and when I shall find opportunity either to revise your MSS, or to write a poem of my own which I have in contemplation, I can hardly say. Certainly not till both these tasks are accomplished.

I remain, dear Sir,

With many respects for your kind present,  
Sincerely yours,

WM. COWPER.

## BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE DUC DE BIRON.

*(concluded.)*

Shortly after their separation, Lauzun was ordered with his regiment to America. It was now that the ardour of his soul blazed forth unstifled: he panted for glory, he sighed for military distinction; he was eager to entwine the laurel of victory with the ensignia of nobility. But Lauzun was destined through life to be the vassal of sensibility; and the more delicate, the more refined passions of his heart perpetually interrupted his progress towards fame.

While he was preparing to embark for America, intelligence reached him, that the lady for whom he had once cherished the most ardent affection, was at that moment exposed to some pecuniary difficulties, and labouring under the anxiety of neglect even from those in whom she had reposed unbounded confidence. The susceptibility of Lauzun's heart could not calmly endure the inquietude occasioned by such events: therefore, after obtaining leave of absence for a short interval, he collected the remnants of his pecuniary resources, inclosed the sum in a small port folio, and, on a post horse, unattended, set out from Paris. Thus did he travel many hundred miles, with little corporeal and still less mental rest, till he arrived at the abode of the fair recluse. It was in the dreary season of the year; the situation wild and barren; and nothing less eccentric than the feelings of such a character could have prompted or performed so romantic an expedition.

He was immediately admitted; he had not power to utter a syllable: but, after placing the port-folio on the table which stood before her, he quitted the room, remounted his horse, and remeasured back his route towards Paris; shortly after he embarked for America, where by his gallant conduct he soon became distinguished. He was the friend of the Marquis de la Fayette; and he also enjoyed the esteem even of his military adversaries, among whom may be named the Earl of Moira, then Lord Rawdon; a man no less distinguished for valour than for virtue, for political knowledge than for genuine philanthropy!

When York Town was surrendered by the English, Lauzun was dispatched to the Court of Versailles, with the important tidings. On his arrival at Paris, he was received with acclamations of transport; the messenger of conquest, the harbinger of that peace, which was in a great degree accele-

rated by this important capitulation. The metropolis of France now became a scene of the most brilliant festivity—(the writer of these pages was then at Paris);—Versailles was the temple of delight: and Lauzun was the idol of the day. His name was re-echoed by all ranks of people: and the surrender of York Town was considered as the most promising event which had been recorded on the annals of the American war. But the French people, particularly those who were blinded by courtly splendor, did not foresee that those, who by their valour had contributed towards the establishment of liberty in America, would scarcely permit the ardent effects which it produced to lie dormant in their bosoms.

The Duc de Lauzun, at this period, possessed a small villa at Mont-rouge, in the vicinity of Paris. It was completely fitted up after the English fashion: all the domestics, excepting one or two, were of this country, and even his table was arranged after the manner of the English. This retreat was a scene of rational festivity, very unlike the temples of some illustrious personages, who dedicated their villas to the most profligate debasement.

The late Duke of Orleans, then Duc de Chartres, followed the example of Lauzun; and the fairy palace of Mouceau was inhabited by English domestics.—There English liberty was enthusiastically extolled, and French despotism daily discussed without reserve; till a spirit of reform, and a glow of newly awakened independence, fastened on every mind, among the inferior classes of society.

Shortly after the commencement of the revolution, the subject of these pages, then Duc de Biron, having succeeded his uncle in fortune and title, set out for England.—His personal attachment to the Queen in a great degree kept down the spirit of republican ardour,—and suppressed that active zeal which would otherwise have influenced his conduct in the cause of Freedom. Biron was the very soul of chivalry.—The Queen of France was beautiful, and persecuted.—The event of his departure terminated unfortunately. Biron's resources were locked up by the strong hand of anarchy; he had many debts in England: his creditors, either under the supposition he was become opulent by the death of his uncle, or that he would shortly be exposed to indigence by the convulsion of political changes, arrested him; and he was, for several weeks confined in the house of a sheriff's officer.

It was there that the enterprising soul of Biron indulged in the varying emotions which his chequered destiny gave birth to; and, while his bosom glowed with the enthusiasm

of liberty, it also ached under the severe humiliations of constrained captivity.

In this distressing embarrassment, the Earl of Moira, whose mind and whose conduct do honour to human nature, received intimation of the Duke's confinement: and, by his interference and friendship, Biron was liberated. But the power of legal prosecution had only augmented the enthusiasm of freedom; and he returned to Paris, to unite with the most popular leaders of the revolution.

There he renewed his friendship with the Duke of Orleans (who had assumed the title of Egalite); and, by his influence, was prevailed on to take the command of the army of La Vendee. Whether Biron felt the dreadful effects of anarchy, while he hourly received accounts of massacres and horrors; or whether the sufferings of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette impressed his sensible and philanthropic mind, is not clearly ascertained, but he certainly evinced an inactivity of soul, which terminated in his destruction. He was recalled to Paris, deprived of the rank he held in the army, imprisoned, and executed.

Here let the sensible reader bestow a tear while reflection shews the progress of Biron's fall from power to degradation; from the most splendid altitudes of fame and fortune, to the gloomy platform of the guillotine! and, while memory transcribes his many virtues, his gallant actions, his amiable sensibility and his romantic enthusiasm on the page of time, let pity efface with her spontaneous tears, the frailties of human nature, and the last sad close of his unfortunate destiny.

—  
*Revolutions in Religion, Manners, and Learning.*

The following observations form the conclusion of the second volume of Mr. Warton's admirable History of English Poetry.

"The customs, institutions, traditions, and religion of the middle ages were favourable to poetry. Their pageants, processions, spectacles, and ceremonies were friendly to imagery, to personification and allegory. Ignorance and superstition, so opposite to the real interests of human society, are the parents of imagination. The very devotion of the Gothic times were romantic. The Catholic worship, besides that its numerous exterior appendages were of a picturesque and even of a poetical nature, disposed the mind to a state of deception, and encouraged, or rather, authorized every species of credulity: its visions, miracles, propagated a general propensity to the marvellous, and strengthened the belief of spectres, demons,

witches and incantations. These illusions were heightened by churches of a wonderful mechanism, and constructed on such principles of inexplicable architecture, as had a tendency to impress the soul with every false sensation of religious fear. The savage pomp and the capricious heroism of the baronial manners, were replete with incident, adventure and enterprize; and the intractable genius of the feudal policy, held forth those irregularities of conduct, discordances of interest, and dissimilarities of situation, that framed rich materials for the minstrel-muse. The tacit compact of fashion, which promotes civility by discussing habits of uniformity, and therefore destroys peculiarities of character and situation, had not yet operated upon life: nor had domestic convenience abolished unweildy magnificence. Literature and a better sense of things not only banished these barbarities, but superseded the mode of composition which was formed upon them. Romantic poetry gave way to the force of reason and inquiry; as its own enchanted gardens and palaces instantaneously vanished, when the Christian champion displayed the shield of truth, and baffled the charm of the necromancer. The study of the classics, together with a colder magic and tamer mythology, introduced method into composition: and the universal ambition of rivalling those new patterns of excellence, the faultless models of Greece and Rome, produced that bane of invention, imitation. Erudition was made to act upon genius.—Fancy was weakened by reflection and philosophy. The fashion of treating every thing scientifically, applied speculation and theory to the arts of writing.—Judgment was advanced above imagination, and rules of criticism were established. The brave eccentricities of original genius, and the daring hardiness of native thought, were intimidated by metaphysical sentiments of perfection and refinement. Setting aside the consideration of the more solid advantages, which are obvious, the lover of poetry will ask, what have we gained by this revolution? It may be answered, much good sense, good taste and good criticism. But, in the mean time, we have lost a set of manners and a system of machinery more suitable to the purposes of poetry than those which have been adopted in their place. We have parted with extravagances that are above propriety, with incredibilities that are more acceptable than truth, and with fictions that are more valuable than reality."

The real merit of a man should be estimated by his virtues, not by his fortune.

## THE TEMPLE OF SENSIBILITY.

.....Let list'ning sympathy prevail,  
While conscious truth unfolds her piteous tale.

FALKNER.

SOMETIME during the summer of ninety-eight, Charles Westerville left his father's house in London, to enjoy the beautiful scenery of a romantic situation in the north of England, where his father, a rich merchant, had recently purchased a small estate, delightfully situated amid the most charming part of that highly picturesque country.

Charles was rather of a melancholy disposition, and an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature; he brought no companions but his German flute, and a few favourite authors, among which were the enchanting works of Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Thompson and Young. But his principal favourite, as being most congenial to his disposition, was Warton's enthusiast, which he could repeat by memory. Oft would he wander, before sunrise, reciting this charming little poem, till, overcome with sensations which he really felt, with what ecstasy would he repeat the following apostrophe:—

All beauteous Nature! by thy boundless charms  
Oppress'd, where shall I begin thy praise,  
Where turn th' ecstatic eye; how ease my breast,  
That pants with wild astonishment and love!

WARTON.

At a little distance in the back grounds was a romantic dell, formed for solitude, through which meandered a serpentine rivulet, shaded on each side by irregular plantations, of tall beeches; and higher up the hills were several copses and shrubberies, here and there interspersed by variegated clusters of wild flowers, which grew spontaneously on the shaggy banks; the whole made vocal by the wild strains of nature's choristers, which were the only inhabitants of this delightful retreat. Towards the west the prospect terminated in a ridge of lofty mountains, whose tops reached the clouds; and the opening of the sea to the east, where the eye could readily discern the ships as they rode at anchor, or sailed in quick succession through the azure expanse, while, at intervals, the distant voices of the mariners dying in the gale, made it altogether one of the most pleasing situations imaginable.

One evening, Charles had retired, with a Milton in his hand, to this romantic retreat, and, tempted by the agreeable scenery,

insensibly wandered a much greater distance up the vale than he had heretofore done. The prospect he beheld amply compensated for some unpleasant sensations which he could not suppress, and which apparently predicted something of consequence to his future happiness. In ascending the hill, he was agreeably regaled by a variety of images inexpressibly beautiful: at a trifling distance, above a clump of trees, rose the spire of the village church; more to the right, discovered a few scattered hamlets, from whence issued the jocund sound of rustic festivity; the last departing tints of the setting sun illuminated the tops of those shaggy mountains: below, was a delightful view of his favourite dell; while the reflection of the moon on the glassy surface of the ocean, and, withal, the melancholy gloom of the surrounding objects, inspired such sensations as he had never before experienced. For some time he contemplated this delightful prospect in silent admiration; at length, sitting down on an inviting hillock, he broke out into this soliloquy:—

"Alas! could my dear father but be sensible of the pleasure which I just now feel, he would not, certainly, so peremptorily insist on my acting such a conspicuous part in the busy theatre of mankind! What are the gilded prospects of wealth and titles in competition with happiness, and the ineffable satisfaction of self-approbation? I have wherewithal to be content; sufficient to purchase the necessaries, nay, even the luxuries of life: but my sordid father——"

"Cease, young man, to upbraid the partiality of an indulgent parent," said a voice more than human. Charles immediately felt the force of the expression, and, inwardly stung, was retiring with a glow of ingenuous shame upon his cheek; when Mr. Manfield (for that was the stranger's name) sprang forward, and with a most affectionate look, apologized for such an unseasonable intrusion. The village clock struck nine as they were entering into conversation.

"Pardon me," said the good pastor, "but that is the signal for my departure. My parishioners are already waiting my return; for at this hour we generally offer up our united praises to that God who has preserved us "through this day's life and death." Though our acquaintance has been so short, yet I feel an irresistible impulse to press your becoming one in our little party. I trust the moments will not be ill employed." Charles, who was never remiss in duty to his maker, readily accepted the invitation. As they entered a little neat garden, he was surprized on perceiving a small white-washed house embosomed in trees, and almost grown round with ivy and woodbines: at

the same instant he overheard the sound of a lute, and a delightful voice accompanying it with Pope's "Vital Spark." The effect was beautiful in the extreme, and Charles felt it sensibly; but the anticipating attention of his new friend relieved his anxiety:—" 'Tis only my daughter Louisa, who frequently amuses herself upon that instrument."

By this time they had reached the summer-house from whence proceeded the sounds. Mr. Manfield observed to her, it was past nine—a summons which she immediately obeyed; and curtsying to Westerville, who was already prepossessed in her favour, he felt an unusual embarrassment, which occasioned him to return the salutation, a little awkwardly. There was a softness and delicacy in her features which moved him exceedingly, and, withal,

".....That expression, sweet, of melancholy  
"Which captivates the soul;"

and, being so congenial to his own feelings, it operated on his susceptible heart with peculiar energy.

They had now reached the place of their devotions, which was a little room, fitted and solely appropriated to the purpose; at one end was an organ half concealed by a green silk curtain, to prevent Louisa, who was the organist, the awkwardness of an exhibiton. The form began with a voluntary solemn and pathetic in the highest degree: Westerville, whose feelings were ever alive to the impressions of music, felt it sensibly. The prelude introduced a hymn, which spoke the goodness of God in sending his only Son as a propitiation for our sins. The little band joined with such fervency, that Charles was affected even to tears; but they were tears of joy. After the solemnity was over, Westerville again felt the force of sympathy; for the simple villagers departed with such exquisite expressions of tenderness and friendship, that it quite unmanned him. In this delicate situation, Mr. Manfield invited him to partake some refreshment. Westerville followed in silence, for his expanded heart\* was too full to thank him; which the former perceiving, it recalled the sympathetic tear adown the wrinkled cheeks of the good old man.

Hail! endearing spirits of Love and Sympathy! from whom proceed all the delightful sensations of sensibility, and all the soft effusions of the heart! Ye alone can inform the feelings—Ye who can inspire such thrill-

\* His heart expands with sympathetic joy.

ling raptures of ecstasy, by what exquisitely fine spun tendrils of sympathetic attraction congenial souls are drawn together!

During the simple repast which Louisa prepared for Westerville, he made himself known to Mr. Manfield.—"A passion" he said, "for solitude, and the rural scenery of this romantic country, induces me to spend most of the summer in this delightful situation."

Louisa's eyes met his, and reciprocally caused a painful confusion not easily recovered. Mr. Manfield (for he had a competent knowledge of human nature) kindly relieved their mutual distress by offering Charles a bed, for whom he had already conceived a very favourable opinion.

After some little conversation, in which Miss Mansfield's good sense shone with peculiar lustre (for she had the most general knowledge of any woman I ever knew) the family retired.

Westerville could not efface the pleasing idea of Louisa from his memory: he saw a thousand nameless perfections which discovered the beauty of her mind; her temper was rather serious than gay, though at the same time tinged with the most pleasing cheerfulness. From her infancy she had indulged an unusual disposition for books and solitude; and her chief amusements consisted in cultivating those mental pleasures which gave a zest to our affections: she possessed the most artless sensibility, and such moving tenderness of soul, that, from the first moment he beheld her, he felt his feelings agitated by a sensation unknown before.

"'Twas but yesterday," said he, "I did not know that such a being existed; and now my happiness is interwoven with her's, that I cannot live but in her presence."

He tried to sleep; but Morpheus fled his couch: the image of Miss Manfield still hovered over his imagination. Soon as the morning began to break, he arose to view the garden through which he had passed the preceding evening. The shrubs and flowers, perfumed by the tears of Nature, exhaled a balmy fragrance inexpressibly pleasing: while the pellucid dewdrops, illuminated by the rays of the rising sun, shone pendent from innumerable boughs; and the shrill notes of the soaring lark conspired to raise such ecstatic sensations as the sluggard never experiences. The half shut door, where he had first met Miss Manfield, seemed to invite his entrance. On a small table covered with green, lay Dr. Young's Night Thoughts, open at that affecting tale so feelingly told in the latter part of his Complaint: an unfinished painting lay near, which discovered, for "her heart was apt to feel,"

all the mingled emotions which Aspasia experienced when she heard the fatal tidings of Lysander's death.—Westerville "felt it seen."

Leaving the summer-house, he pursued a path which led to the opposite side of the garden, through a little wicket, into a rustic glen bedecked in all the simplicity of Nature, where he discovered the rivulet dashing in foaming cascades down a steep bank, and gurgling over the rocks as it ran in lucid mazes through the valley, overhung on each side by tall shady trees, which half-darkened the path, and inspired a kind of melancholy enthusiasm not displeasing to the mind of sensibility; the blackbirds and thrushes were ever and anon chaunting their strains of wild melody. Westerville sat down on a broken rock, and, taking out his flute, increased the general harmony with all the blandishments and graces of that enchanting instrument. Whilst he was amusing himself in playing Handel's Water piece, he was suddenly surprised with the morning salutation of Mr. and Miss Manfield, who were taking their accustomed recreation;—'twas a walk so perfectly in unison with Louisa's feeling, that she generally preferred it. After apologizing for interrupting Westerville, Miss Manfield entreated him to oblige her with another performance, as she was particularly fond of the instrument; assuring him, at the same time, that it had a most delightful effect; for echo reverberated the strain among the mountains and vallies a thousand melodious melodies. Charles obeyed, and attempted "How imperfect is expression, some emotions to impart?"—Louisa felt the words in every strain, which caused a momentary hectic to shoot across her countenance, Westerville saw her perturbation, and substituted a lively little air.

As they returned, Mr. Manfield pointed out the most beautiful prospects, to which Westerville listened with particular attention. Whether it was the morning's peculiar disposition of light and shade which threw additional tints over the scenes, I know not; but to Louisa they had never before appeared half so lovely.

After breakfast, Charles took his leave, with a promise of calling in the afternoon. On his return home, he could think of nothing but Miss Mansfield, she alone occupied his whole attention; and he found his heart so tenderly attached to her, that he determined to ask Mr. Manfield's leave to solicit her affections.

(To be concluded next week.)

A man without secrecy is an open letter for every one to read.

## ON WOMEN.

Those who consider women, only as pretty figures placed here for ornament, have but a very imperfect idea of the sex. They perpetually say that women are lovely flowers, designed to heighten the complexion of nature. This is very true, but at the same time women should not let themselves be perverted by such trifling discourse, but take care not to be content with these superficial advantages. There are too many, who, satisfied with that partition, seem to have renounced any other accomplishment but that of charming the eye. Women have quite another destination, and were created for a more noble end than that of being a vain spectacle; their beauties are only heralds of more touching qualities; to reduce all to beauty is to degrade them, and put them almost on a level with pictures. Those who are *only* handsome may make a pretty figure in an arm chair, or may decorate a drawing room: they are literary *fit to be seen*; but to find in their acquaintance all the advantages we have a right to expect, women must have more than beauty.

Among intelligent beings, society should not be bound by a cold exhibition of their persons, or a dull conversation of lies and vanity. Whatever does not tend to make us better, corrupts us; but if women who are the ornaments of society, would strive to join justness of thought, and uprightness of heart to the graces of the body, the taste we have for them would unfold excellent qualities in us: let them then raise their souls to noble objects, and they will ripen the seeds of every virtue in men.

The empire which women owe to beauty, was only given them for the general good of all the human species. Men, destined to great actions, have a certain fierceness, which only woman can correct; there is in their manners, more than their features, a sweetness, capable of mollifying that natural ferocity, which unattempted would soon degenerate into brutality.

We may well say, that if we were destitute of women, we should all be different from what we are. Our endeavours to be agreeable to them, polish and soften that rough severe strain so natural to us; their cheerfulness is a counterbalance to our rough austere humours: in a word, if men did not converse with women, they would be less perfect and less happy than they are.

That man who is insensible to the sweetness of female conversation, is rarely the friend of mankind; such cherish an insensibility which renders their virtues dangerous. The great qualities of Charles the Twelfth, had not troubled all Europe, if

that Prince had lived more in the society of women, alone capable of softening his untractable courage; for he refused to see the countess of Koninsmarc, who brought him, from King Augustus, proposals for peace, which her wit and beauty might have rendered successful.

If men require the tender application of women to render them more tractable, those, on the other hand, equally want the conversation of men to awaken their vivacity, and draw them from a negligence into which, if they were not stimulated by a desire of pleasing, they would certainly fall. That desire produces the allurements of the face, the grace of air, and the sweetness of voice: for whether they speak, move or smile, they think of rendering themselves agreeable. Whence we may conclude, that it is the men who, in some degree, give charms to the women; who without them would fall into a sour or indolent temper. Besides, female minds, overwhelmed with trifles, would languish in ignorance, if men, recalling them to more elevated objects, did not communicate dignity and vigour.

'Tis thus that the two sexes ought to be perfected by one another. The manly courage of the one, is tempered by the softness of the other, which in its turn borrows from the same courage. The one acquires in woman's company, a mild tincture while the other lose their female levity. Their different qualities balance each other, and it is from that mixture, and that happy accord arises, which renders them both more accomplished.

The variety of minds may be compared to that of voices, which would rather form an agreeable concert, than a grating discord. If men are of a stronger frame, it is, the more effectually to contribute to the happiness of those who are more delicate; one sex was not designed to be the oppressor of the other: the intimate connection between them is for general advantage; and those ridiculous debates of superiority, are an insult to nature, and ingratitude for her benefits.

We are born women's friends, not their rivals; much less their tyrants: and that strength which was given us for their defence ought not to be employed to enslave them, and to banish from society its sweetest charm, that part of the human species which is most proper to animate it, would render it quite insipid.

The truth of this has been proved by the people of the east, who joining together a sense of their own weakness and a brutal passion, have regarded women as dangerous companions, against whom they must be on their guard: therefore they have enslaved

that sex to avoid being enslaved by them, and have thought too much love gave them a title to misuse them. But these tyrannic masters have been the first victims of their tyrannic jealousy. Devoted to a lonely melancholy life, they have sought for tender sensations in vain, amidst their fair slaves. Sensibility, with the delicacy ever its companion, are only to be found in the reign of freedom, since they both necessarily shun a society void of those springs whence they might grow. These and such like people seek to recompence themselves for a lost sensibility and delicacy, by a brutish voluptuousness which only serves to numb their senses, and brutalize their souls.

CECIL.

Sterne, so celebrated as the author of *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*, was of Cambridge University; no strict priest, but, as a clergyman, not likely to hear with indifference his whole fraternity treated contemptuously. Being one day in a coffee-house, he observed a spruce powdered young fellow by the fire-side who was speaking of the clergy, in the mass, as a body of disciplined impostors and systematic hypocrites. Sterne got up while the young man was haranguing, and approached towards the fire, patting and coaxing all the way a favourite little dog. Coming at length towards the gentleman, he took up the dog, still continuing to pat him, and addressed the young fellow: "sir, this would be the prettiest little animal in the world, had he not one disorder?" "What disorder is that?" replied the young fellow. "Why, sir, (said Sterne) one that always makes him bark when he sees a gentleman in black." "That is a singular disorder (rejoined the young man); pray, how long has he had it?" "sir, (replied Sterne, looking at him with affected gentleness) ever since he was a puppy!"

A person once knocked at the door of a college-fellow, to inquire the apartments of a particular gentleman. When the Fellow made his appearance, "sir, (said the enquirer) will you be so obliging as to direct me to the rooms of Mr.—" The Fellow had the misfortune to stutter: he began, "S-S-Sir, pl-pl-please to go to"—and then stopped short. At length, collecting all his indignation to the tip of his tongue, he poured out a frightful expression; adding, as he shut the door, "You will find him, sooner than I can direct you."

## EUGENIO.

*(Continued from page 174.)*

"Happily, you have more reading than experience in the affairs of mankind; but your reading supplies you with sufficient examples of the disappointment of every scheme of aggrandisement whose views terminate with our present existence. In all the compass of history, I know of no instance in which ambition has ended in enjoyment, or wherein its troubles and its sacrifices have been ultimately rewarded. Those have turned it to the best account who have voluntarily descended from their heights, and anticipated the changes of fortune by a voluntary abdication. Yet these have in some measure cut off their own retreat by an unavoidable depravation of their minds in a course of ambitious pursuits: for a mind once exercised to cabal and intrigue, is unhappy in its own element, and unfitted for every other.

If, then, after all our endeavours, and all our anxieties, the best we can do with our bargain, is to forfeit the deposit, how infinitely wiser to rest satisfied as we are, and give up the concern altogether! I am sure you are not unacquainted with the name of Pyrrhus, although you may happen to be with this anecdote of him. 'What do you propose to yourself in this expedition against the Romans?' says Cineas. 'To conquer all Italy,' answers the Monarch. 'And what next?' 'Next we will make Sicily our own.' 'And then?' 'Why then we will sail into Africa, and bring that country into subjection to our arms.' 'And after this?' 'After this we will sit down and be merry.' 'And what,' returns Cineas, 'prevents your majesty from doing so at present?'

In truth, the only conquest necessary to be gained for the attainment of this object, is the conquest of one's self: and if I have not advanced in this sufficiently far to render myself merry, I am at least become by its assistance tolerably tranquil. I think I am armed against most of the vicissitudes of this world, except those in which love is concerned; and here should any cross accident intervene, I cannot answer for my own philosophy, or even for my life. Ah! why my dearest Emily, do we yet delay to complete that felicity which is within our grasp, and to raise what rampart we can round our loves, by such means as our stars afford us? I have seen the Rev— who has promised to perform the ceremony of our nuptials.

This kind promise on his part seems in a manner to strengthen those sacred bonds which unite us; to give alacrity to my confidence, and security to my hopes. He says the verses you sent are exquisite, and ought to afford me some consolation. They are indeed beautiful; but a smile from thee dear girl, would have wrought a more powerful effect—Adieu.'

How many circumstances conspire to revive in my mind the remembrance of the last walk I ever took with poor Eugenio. When once the idea had fastened itself, every little incident added strength to my recollection. The gray confusion in which every thing was wrapped, the pensive rustling of the foliage, the boughs half stripped of their leaves, and the moon looking through the breaches, and disclosing the waste of the declining year, were so many characteristic circumstances which helped to build up in my mind a complete remembrance of that evening. As I walked lately in the same spot, a leaf was blown into my bosom, when instantly I recollected that the same circumstance had happened to Eugenio, and could not forbear repeating some little stanzas which he wrote that evening upon the spot, on the cover of my pocket-book.

Pale wither'd wand'rer, seek not here  
A refuge from the ruthless sky:  
This breast affords no happier cheer  
Than the rude blighting breeze you fly.

Cold is the atmosphere of grief,  
When storms assail the barren breast;  
Go, then, poor exile, seek relief  
In bosoms where the heart has rest;

Or fall upon th' oblivious ground,  
Where silent sorrows buried lie;  
There rest is surely to be found,  
Or what, alas! to hope have I?

Where sepulchered in peace, repose,  
In yonder field the village dead,  
Go seek a shelter among those  
Who all their mortal tears have shed.

But if thou com'st a Sibyl's leaf,  
Such as did erst high truths declare,  
To tell me soon shall end my grief,  
I bless the omen that you bear:

For sure you tell me that my woe  
An end like thine at length shall have;  
That woe like thee, and wasted so  
I sink to the forgetful grave;

Then come thou messenger of peace!  
Come lodge within this barren breast,  
And lie there till we both shall cease,  
To seek in vain for nature's rest.

I remember well that soon after writing in my pocket book this little poem, in which there is an impression of my friend above what any picture could have preserved for me, we walked up to a little mound at the end of his vista, where at that time there grew a cypress-tree of his own planting. He stopped me here, and taking me by the hand, as near as I can recollect them, his words were as follows:—'My good friend, I feel that after all the resistance I can make and after all the succours afforded me by religion and philosophy, my frame is sinking fast under my mental sufferings. The dear Amelia, since all our hopes have tumbled to the ground, has vowed perpetual celibacy, and supports her sorrows nobly. Alas! my mind was too much broken to withstand this fresh assault. Providence, for salutary ends, afflicts me with more sorrow, than I have a constitution framed to endure; but his voice speaks within me, and assures me I shall soon be released. Nature is giving way fast, and I feel my strength going, without a wish to renew it. When no resource or vigour is left, nothing to which hope can attach, you well know what a vain exertion of friendship it is, to endeavour at restoring to the mind its impulse and its action; therefore use no arguments with me to raise my spirits. I am going my dear friend, to the house of peace, and I draw towards the end of my life with cheerfulness. To tell thee the truth my best of friends, I destined this spot for my burial place, and planted this cypress here for that purpose, at a time, indeed, when I thought it would have had leisure to grow to its full size before I should want it to overshadow my tomb. Let nothing but this cypress and this grassy mound mark where I lie. I have lived obscurely, and I will die obscurely. It will be enough if the tears of one or two surviving friends shall be mingled with the dews of heaven as they fall upon my green grave.'

*(To be continued.)*

## MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

Notwithstanding what has been said by an illiberal British poet, I will not hesitate to affirm, that few works of imagination possess so much excellence as the pages of Charlotte Smith. This ingenious woman long laboured in the cause of morality, but little was the return she received: while in opulence, her liberality was never inactive, but alas! misfortune stemmed the influence of her bountiful hand—but her own words

which are unknown to the American reader, will best describe her situation.

O'erwhelm'd with sorrow and sustaining long  
'The proud man's contumely th' oppressors wrong,'

Languid despondency, and vain regret,  
Must my exhausted spirit struggle yet?  
Yes!—robb'd myself of all that Fortune gave,  
Ev'n of all hope but shelter in the grave,  
Still shall the plaintive lyre essay its powers  
To dress the cave of care with Fancy's flowers:

Maternal love! the fiend Despair withstand,  
Still animate the heart and guide the hand!

May you, dear objects of my anxious care!  
Escape the evils I was born to bear!  
Round my devoted head while tempests roll,  
Yet there where I have treasur'd up my soul,  
May the soft rays of dawning hope impart  
Reviving patience to my fainting heart!—  
And, when its sharp solicitude shall cease,  
May I be conscious in the realms of peace,  
That every tear which swells my children's eyes

From sorrows past, not present ills arise!  
Then, with some friend who loves to share  
your pain,

(For 'tis my boast that some such friends remain!)

By filial grief and fond remembrance prest,  
You'll seek the spot where all my sorrows rest;

Recall my hapless days in sad review,  
The long calamities I bore for you;  
And with a happier fate resolve to prove  
How well you merited your mother's love.

SADI: OR, THE WANDERER. AN ORIENTAL  
ECLOGUE.

Scene—A mountain near Bagdad.

Time—Sun-set.

Long had young Sadi (fairest of the swains  
Who guard their snowy flocks on Georgia's plains)

Endur'd Zamira's scorn, and proud disdain;  
Till, lost to hope, he sought a distant plain;  
Urg'd by despair, his faithless love he flies,  
Till Bagdad's turrets glitter in his eyes—  
Blue was the shepherd's robe which flow'd around

His tender limbs; its folds a girdle bound:  
His auburn locks a snow-white scarf confin'd,  
Whose ends behind him floated with the wind:

His languid eyes no more those charms display'd,  
Which once had fir'd with love each Georgian maid;

All but the fair whose cruel charms possess,  
Ah, luckless Sadi! thy too tender breast:  
No more his pallid cheeks with pleasure glow  
But, sad, assum'd the livery of woe.

As now the setting sun forsook the day,  
Slow, by the fields of rice he bent his way  
To where the cedars on the mountain's side,  
With mournful shade o'erhung Euphrates' tide;

Thereto the plains and waving woods, alone,  
The hapless shepherd pour'd his tender moan;  
Stretch'd on a rock whose bow o'erhung  
the stream,

Thus, bath'd in tears, he mourn'd his slighted flame:—

"Thou Sun, whose orb, now sinking  
from the eye,

With placid lustre gilds the western sky!

Say, as in Orient pomp you led the day,

Or shed in raging noon thy sultry ray;

Or, as thy beams, o'er the illumin'd plain,

Dart their last glories on thy Persian fane;

Have they a shepherd more forlorn espy'd,

Than he who now bewails Zamira's pride?

"And thou, canst thou forget, ah faithless maid!

Thy plighted vows beneath the palm-trees' shade,

As from the mid-day heat we sought the grove,

Whilst mutual transports spoke a mutual love,

You fondly swore, by yon bright source of day,

No other love should o'er thy bosom sway?

Yet, when your sheep had from the pasture stray'd,

And sought the coolness of a neighbouring glade,

Quick as the darting of the solar ray,

O'erthreat'ning steeps I urg'd my rapid way,

(My flock abandoned on the open plain)

And brought the wandrers to their folds again:

Then, as to thy lov'd presence I drew nigh,

(Whilst cold disdain averts thy alter'd eye)

Your thanks, indeed, you to my ears address'd,

But banish'd joy for ever from my breast;

Whilst curst Alcanzer, by Zamira's side,

Address'd, in whispering sighs, his future bride.

Stung at the sight, my rage refus'd controul;

Despair and hope by turns possess'd my soul;

Till thou, at length, thy alter'd love confess'd

And bar'd the falsehood of thy perjur'd breast!

Now to my native plains I bid adieu!

I fly myself, a faithless world, and—you!

Seek out the deep'ning shade, and, taught  
by grief,

Invoke the hand of death, the wretch's last relief!

"Let Nature now her utmost rage display;  
Let clouds and storms obscure the cheerful day!

Let falling showers no more their influence shed,

Whilst draught and famine o'er each valley spread:

Let yon bright sun no more those skies adorn

Since Sadi feels the proud Zamira's scorn!

"Yet think not thou, fond youth! whose lawless gaze

Zamira's beauties with delight surveys.

Think not I'll tamely bear the galling sight,

Or stand obsequious at thy marriage rite!

No—to the shades the fawning priest I'll send,

From thy soft hand the bridal crown I'll rend,

I'll dash the blazing altar to the ground,

And bid the rolling flames the pile surround;

Then, joyful, on the smoking wreck I'll throw

This loathsome weight, and end my life and woe!"

Thus to the moss-grown rocks, and waving wood,

Whose gloomy shade stretch'd o'er the sounding flood,

The frantic Sadi mourn'd, till dewy night  
Advancing, stole each object from the sight.

A gownsman saying once in company with Robinson, that he had just been to hear a certain clergyman—the most admired preacher in the country—and launching out enthusiastically in his praise; "Ah! (said Robinson drily) the gentleman sprung from a dissenting family: (which was the fact.) The fag-end of a dissenter makes a rare churchman." The word fag-end reminded the gownsman of a very apposite passage somewhere, on the origin of the band, which is sometimes seen stuck on the black coat of a dissenting minister. The passage nearly amounts to this, that when the Old Whore\* left our country she was obliged to pack up her ornaments and trinkets in haste and ran away with only her smock on. All parties pursued her and spoiled her of something; but that some of the dissenters could but just get within reach of the part, a *parte post*, and only seized enough of the rag to make a band of. Such they say, is the origin of the dissenter's band.

\* In allusion to a passage in the Revelations, which the Protestants have applied to the Church of Rome.

Sir William Jones was a Master of Arts of Emanuel; a man as amiable as he was learned. The following delicious lines were his composition; and the insertion of them here requires no apology. They were written in the honesty and gaiety of his heart, in the earlier part of his life, though after he had left the university.

*To the nymph of the spring. Written near a spring between two hillocks, in the neighbourhood of the river Tivy, in Pembrokeshire.*

Why should old Tivy, boys, claim all our duty paid,  
And no just homage to be charming youth and beauty said?  
See where the nymph of the spring sits inviting us,  
With charming waters crystalline, refreshing and delighting us.  
What, tho' his margin broad be rocky, oak'd and willowy?  
And what tho' his ozier banks be spacious, deep and billowy?  
She, from her sweet paps, lilled and roseal,  
Lies feeding all her laughing buds with dew-drops ambrosial.  
Then, with sweet melody, carol to the fountain nymph,  
Far sweeter than a sea nymph, and milder than a mountain nymph.  
Long may her streams gush, lucid and nectarious,  
And long may her banks be deck'd with flow'rets multifarious;  
Long o'er her arch'd grot may purple wing-ed Zephyrus  
Come leading on his wanton bands of breezes odoriferous.  
Yearly to the Niads shall the roundelay repeated be,  
And by the chorus jubilant her liquid silver greeted be.  
Say, can we better, boys, chace dull idle Care away,  
Than thus by passing hours of mirth in harmony and roundelay?  
Stretch'd on that green hillock's bank, around her rosy nipple, boys,  
We merrily will sing and laugh, and merrily we'll tipple, boys.  
Drinking to damsels, lovely and delicious;  
Oh! heav'ns, would they smile on us, like deities propitious.  
And, mark! if any rebel here shall miss the cup or mutiny,  
Amerc'd shall be the miscreant without appeal or scrutiny.

These lines are original; but, judging only by Sir William's translations, I am of opinion, that he has produced no speci-

men of Asiatic poetry superior, if equal to this. It is in the true spirit of Hafez, and resembles most those pieces of Asiatic poetry, which by some are thought to have an *arcane* signification. And of this number, in the judgment of many writers, is the Song of Solomon.

The following lines, written by a less able hand, and partly on occasion of reading the above, require an apology.

Sweet is the pleasure of an empty kiss.

THEOCRITUS.

Why is there so much pleasure in a kiss?  
Where lovers meet must be the point of bliss;  
And on the lips the purest sweets they share,  
For love is wont to make his nect'ry there.

A poet not less celebrated for his ingenuity than tenderness, but whose works have not yet been published in America, very beautifully addresses the following lines to

SYLVIA'S TOMB.

'Tis night, the fairy landscape flies,  
The flock to leafy glens withdrawn;  
Ascending shades usurp the skies,  
And veil in shad'wy mists the lawn.

Ah! 'mid this deep funereal gloom,  
My breast what rending pangs invade!  
As, wrapt in shades I mark the tomb,  
The tomb, where Sylvia's dust is laid.

Oh! nymph! in earth's cold arms enshrin'd,  
For thee still frequent heaves the sigh;  
For thee, in softest bloom consign'd,  
To fade, to languish, and to die.

What, though these humble shades beneath,  
Thy name no trophy'd shrine declares;  
Still duteous blooms the votive wreath,  
That friendship's faithful hand prepares,

Here, foe to splendour's mirthful train,  
Unseen the musing minstrel strays,  
To breathe in strains th' elegiac strain,  
And dress thy lonely sod with bays.

There oft, at ev'ning's solemn hour,  
Soft pity wails thy hapless doom;  
And, spite of time's lethean pow'r,  
The tear still trembles o'er thy tomb.

ON MY BEARD.

The orb of day, seven times, this fatal morn,

Has sped its course through each revolving sign,  
Since first, in evil hour, reluctant torn,  
The down of youth forsook these cheeks of mine.

Ah, fashion! had I view'd thy sneers with scorn,  
Unravag'd still the sacred growth would shine,  
The majesty of manhood, still unshorn,  
Would sweep my breast, luxuriant as the vine:

But woe, is me! a dupe to impious zeal,  
Unequal war with Nature now I wage,  
While, as each sun returns, the ruthless steel  
To waste her produce plies its whetted rage:  
Let me like Grecia's fearless sages feel,  
And mock with shaggy chin this silly age!

T. L.

EPIGRAM

*Addressed to a lady who was extravagant in the purchase of paint.*

Why purchase complexion at such a dear rate—  
I can teach you to blush with less cost and more truth.—  
The receipt is, to think on your poor cuckold mate,  
And the manifold lecherous pranks of your youth.

J. B.

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